











OUR NATION;

BY MARY.

Zylata Augus

America must be ruled be the free voices of its children.

True and useful knowledge must be imparted freely to all classes of society.

The oppressed of all nations that have found a home in America—Shall they not freely unite their voices with its own glad children?

True knowledge of God's works and ways, Is power and liberty and peace.

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INTRODUCTION.

"A Nation or a Kingdom divided against itself cannot stand."

In these pages will be found the principles in which the hearts of our people must be united, by which America must still stand forth in glory and in power.

The question of Slavery which now divides so many hearts, must be settled in that way that America may neither

be divided, dishonored or fall.

God has made the African inferior to the European race, from which Americans have all descended, and no cultivation can make them equal, for he has formed them to differ by nature; their natures are perfectly adapted to the station for which He created them. The natures of each race must be learned, to establish peace, order, freedom and harmony on the earth.

God has given to no heathen race the power to go forward and make any Nation what He has designed that each Nation of the earth shall become, great, honored, powerful, and happy, possessing all things that can contribute to the happiness, elevation, convenience, and comfort of man.

The race the most ennobled by nature, the most delicately formed, the most active and Godlike, (for all that is God-like is action,—God's works prove this) are to take the lead in this great work of advancement, and to such, the

heathen is to be in subjection.

The perfect laws of nature will establish order, peace and harmony everywhere. It is nature for that which is inferior to seek protection, and when men everywhere shall be true to that which needs their care and protection, then there will be no more bondage on earth.



AMERICA.

Wisdom, care, and caution,
Only these can save the nation that I love.

Free children of America! Ye True and Faithful., Patriots and Heroes! Guard, Oh guard with care the nation that I love. Be not hasty; but faithful and true. The glory of my nation's history has given my soul strength to struggle through many scenes of trial and oppression. In my childhood days, the story of her wrongs, her sorrows and struggles, excited in my soul a love of justice, right and freedom, which will descend with me to the grave. America divided, dishonored, fallen. Its glory departed. Its children in bondage, bowing to the power of the oppressor, American's Despots; American's Oppressors! Heeding not the cries of the oppressed. Dear to my heart, is the name of American. God save each one from the dark fate that awaits the oppressor? America becoming like Ireland through the power of the oppressor? God will save the Nation that we love. Surely but gently with care and caution, the cruel chains of tyranny must be broken. Weak indeed is the power of oppression, compared with the spirit which must be free or die. Free children of America!

Not long, O not long, can dark tyranny hold you, In a vassalage vile, when its weakness is known. You must learn that the links of the chains that would bind you, Are forged by the fears of its captives alone.

What is the power of darkness, avarice, and oppression, compared with free spirit of love, justice,

right, and honor? These will conquer. Never fear. A nation or a kingdom divided against itself, can it stand? United we stand, divided we fall. America divided-each striving against the other.-This must not be. Forgive as ye would be forgiven. This alone can save the nation that I love. America must still stand forth in glory and in power. How great its glory will be, I cannot tell. secret were too mighty for my soul. It is now in infancy-And not only America must be free, great and glorious, but many other lands must be crowned with honor and with power. For God will surely judge among the Nations and rebuke many people, and when justice and right shall triumph, they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruninghooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Proud monarchs in the dust will lay down their crowns, and we shall hear the universal cry echoed from earth's remotest corners. The God of heaven only is great. After those days, saith the Lord, I will write my law in their hearts. They shall be my people, and I will be their God; and they shall teach no more, every man his neighbor, saying, know ve the Lord, for all shall know him, from the least to the greatest.

One spotless faith must every land unite When o'er all nations beams the gospel light

AMERICAN SLAVERY,

OR THE ETHIOPIAN IN BONDAGE.

To take a heathen nation, to civilize, christianize, and teach them that which is useful in industry, art or whatever their powers of mind can comprehend; that they can become a free people is a great work; a work of gradual progression; and must be accomplished by some process. The weak is every where in subjection to the strong; dependent upon them for the right of justice and humanity. Then it lies entirely with the humanity of those who are in power

whether an inferior race shall be wronged.

The extension of Slavery would not be for the advantage of the free children of America, in the present state of things; for the most faithful and true by honest industry now can sometimes hardly gain a subsistence in the land which is rightfully their own; which the blood of their fathers bought. But despair not, ye faithful! There is a good time coming. To the children of the free is given, not only their own, but the lands of the heathen, for an inheritance. But no inferior race must be wronged, (for God cannot prosper men in the ways of wrong.) Their native powers must be cultivated and fitted for the station for which God designed them. Much labor must be accomplished. By labor this earth is yet to be made an Eden. The desert is to blossom, the wilderness smile, the barren places become fruitful. God has given to man the powers which are yet to make this earth very beautiful. I seem often to conceive how beautiful .- I'll not tell now, how glorious is that conception.

But from whence comes the struggling cry for

freedom now in America? That noble blood; those powers to which God has ever given freedom, cannot be bought and sold, oppressed by injustice, and ruled by tyranny. God has shown to the world that he had power to make them free.

For such a people, Ethiopia and Egypt was once given. Is it a sin that that blood should have mingled with the blood of the Ethiopian? God has suffered it to be so for a wise purpose. Let the character of the Ethiopian be learned. Their natures are perfectly adapted to the station for which God designed them. If He created them for servants, or even slaves, then as servants or slaves, they will be free, contented, and happy .-But man's inhumanity. Herein lies the trouble.

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless mil-The native African in America. with kind, true, and humane masters, are more useful and happy than they would be in any other nation of the earth at present, in freedom. In the native African, we find attributes of character, more faithful then are to be found in many of a more exalted race. Were their masters true and kind, as they should ever be, in them we see a faithfulness which would labor for their interest, and gladly die with them. Freedom from oppression, injustice, tyranny, &c. is what makes a nation prospered, powerful, great, honored, and happy. But where the cries of the oppressed on every side are heard, a nation cannot be called free.

Proud, happy America! The lightnings of Heaven have yielded to your Philosophy. The temptations of earth could not seduce your Patriot-

ism and Virtue.

America divided, dishonored, fallen. Will not God save the nation whose glory has cost the blood of the faithful? Will he permit its children to sind the chains of oppression upon humanity, bring down the judgment of heaven upon their nation and cause it to fall?

But from the Ethiopian in bondage comes not the most heartfelt cries of suffering? How can I weep over the miseries of the South, for I was born and have been reared on the barren shores of New England,

Land to which my fathers fled, When from tyranny they sped; And they nobly fought and bled, That it might be free.

There I can in truth see pale, careworn and sorrowful faces. There I can truly see much want and suffering. There I see many with none to provide for them or protect them.

The poorer classes in New England have suffered more than ever God made the Ethiopian capable of suffering. There we see the most ennobling natures which God has given to any race on earth, toiling for a scanty pittance, with rone to provide for them or protect them, bowing often to a power that we fear is very selfish, forgetful, that that selfishness must cost the blood of many a child of want, blood perhaps more precious than that of earthly kings.

My soul sickens at pictures of human sufferings which might be witnessed in New England. In our nation, from the Ethiopian in bondage, comes not the most heartfelt cries of suffering? They are not formed to suffer like a delicate and ennobled race. Some suppose that by cultivation, they may be made equal. But this is not so. Time will prove that God has given to no heathen race, the power to go forward and make any nation what he has designed that each nation of the earth shall become, great, honored, powerful and happy, possessing all things that can contribute to the elevation, convenience, comfort, and happiness of man.

No cultivation can give a heathen race that power when God has designed to give the glory to a superior people.

That there is a spark in every soul which may be cultivated and made to reflect the godlike, is to be learned by a careful study of the human heart. Children partake of the nature and blood of their parents; and nature is even more powerful than cultivation. Much may be done by cultivation, but nature is powerful, as God is powerful. It is nature for that which is inferior to seek protection, and when men everywhere shall learn to be true to that which needs their care and protection, then there will be no bondage on earth.

Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, — "Why hast thou made me thus?" God has made nothing in vain. Every nation

kindred, and people on earth; will glorify God on earth in the station and for the purpose which he created them; for he has given to his Son, the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.

TYRANNY.

It often costs a mighty effort here to burst chains of tyranny. When darkening clouds are lingering near and threatening to destroy, then it may cost the soul deep groans and tears, and agony. See that frail bark tossed madly o'er the waves. 'Tis a high purpose and a loftiness of soul, it is the love of justice, right and freedom, that has given to each lone heart, its mighty strength, and urges it still onward. They land. What though fierce wintry winds sweep madly o'er a bleak and barren shore. This life sometimes has woes, and the exalted soul must here be free from that which would deceive, oppress, destroy. Their woes might not have been the greatest if one was weary; was it not joy then to recline upon some faithful breast, while a kind hand did gently wipe away the tears. From one who knows its worth, do I not hear a voice that bids the loved one's hope, and paints the glory of trumphant truth; Though 'tis a starless night, sweet words of hope can bear the spirit up and cheer the lonely heart. But new why do I talk of grief, of the deep yearnings of the soul, or sickness of the heart; for truth, justice and right must live, though many suffer here. Poor lonely wanderers. They had their woes, but God's Almighty arm upheld them.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Their children now have listened to the tale of their deep wrongs and sorrows; and we still behold that fearless spirit, that loftiness of soul to face the world in arms, and hurl oppression to the dust. The voice of freedom echoes from the eternal mountains, and rings upon each ear. Tis wasted in the gentle breeze and borne upon the hurricane; their eyes are raised to heaven, and in the pealing thunders too they seem to hear the sounds of justice, right, and freedom.

Was it the mighty voice of God, Crying destroy the oppressor's rod.

EARTHLY BLESSINGS.

If by receiving earthly favors here mankind will glorify God then will not each earthly blessing be given them, but since the creation of the world how few have been the people which he could long permit to stand forth in glory and in power. They fell who mocked the pain of an expiring God and we see the few of that people which now remain, (still apparently beneath a curse as a nation.) In them we see the end of that which was once powerful. They were once exalted above all people, the glory of all lands. Power, pride, might, and slendor. How great the fall. Thus every power must fall which will not heed the right; for He still reigns above who loved the world who gave his son to die and redeem. Mankind cannot be exalted here in

the ways of pride, vanity, avarice, oppression, &c. but only in the ways of submission, humility and right. What wonder that these were the words of him who spake as never man spake—Marvel not that I said unto you ye must be born again. Blest indeed is that soul which can bow in humble submission before the power of him to the glory of whose ways all things must be subdued. He knew that each soul must bow; whether fearful and unwilling or glad, triumphant and joyful. His own people. He loved them. He saw their danger. O how he strove to save them.

Though the heart is hard as stone, The forehead lined with brass, God at length will make it feel, He will not let it pass.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE SIMPLE.

I have mingled in different classes of society; long and patiently have I studied the human heart; when I have beheld the different motives which influenced mankind to action. On learning a character and witnessing its course through life, I have often been led to breathe forth the words "Holy, just and true, O God, are thy ways; surely thou givest to all the reward of that which they seek. The faithful are recompensed in the earth; as are the false and and unfaithful" Why should God suffer any to destroy themselves, in consequence of these sinful passions which must inevitably cause ruin. Dark-

ness; they love it; and he gives to them their own desire. Not all will bear power, yet still be faithful, kind, just, human, and true.

The vain, the proud, oft have I seen, Not fearing man nor God: Like the tall bay tree, fair and green, Spreading their arms abroad; But lo, they vanished from the ground, Destroyed by hands unseen. Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found, Where all that pride had been. There is but One whose mighty power, Can make the longing spirit free; And He whose ways are just and true, Holds in his hand each destiny.

INDUSTRY, HONESTY, PATIENCE, PERSEVERENCE.

In six days God made the world, and as sure as He rules, victory on earth, is the reward of Industry, Honesty, Patience, and Perseverance. It is those attributes of character, which constitutes faithfulness of soul, which have accomplished all that has ever elevated mankind on earth; and it is these which is to glorify God through the ages of eternity. Can God deliver the riches, which are enduring as eternity, to the trust of those who are unfaithful, and untrue? Would ye possess aught worth possessing, then be true to your trust. The soul which is true to itself, is true to God, and humanity.

That which is faithful must be free.

In time and in eternity.

THE PATH THAT LEADS TO VICTORY.

Shall we ask why all do not pursue the path that leads quickly to victory? There is a path that leads directly there; and they who would quickly reach that shining goal, must not turn aside into forbidden paths. But, surrounded by the power of falsehood, seeking ever to deceive, a soul must be inspired with wisdom, which will give strength to overcome; patience to bear; faith, to look forward; even all those attributes of character which constitute purity, greatness, and strength of soul, to pursue the straight path of right, with a spirit free and uncontaminated by the influence of falsehood.

A spirit which is not exalted with principles high and firm as heaven, is easily led into temptation, easily led astray. What wonder that many should seek with eager grasp, that which will buy a covering for the soul, hide its deformity, and give it influence. The influence by which mortals are here surrounded, the prevailing opinion is, indeed, all powerful. We wonder not that many should grasp so eagerly, that which will give them momentary power; for struggles for the right may sometimes be very great. Even the Lamb of God, the Prince of glory, was forsaken in the trying hour. If every eye could be opened to behold the glory of that triumph, which is to be given to justice and to right, then each gaze would be onward, upward. Onward. But Thou, O my God, are very great. Thou who makest the clouds thy chariot, and who walkest on the wings of the wind. Both riches and honors, cometh from Thee. Thou reignest over all, and in Thine hand is power, and might. Thou canst make

great, and give strength to all. A trusting child, I will bow before Thy throne. The glory is Thine, and I will only love and adore.

NEW ENGLAND AND FREEDOM.

Bless'd is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people that He has chosen for an inheritence. Thus saith the Lord!

Thy nation I've guarded in danger's dark hour, To its children I've given fame, honor, and power, Their Fathers, true hearted, my name did adore, And the refuge I gave them, they call freedom's shore, Some nations have fallen to rise here no more; But the lost children of Jacob, I now must restore. From Titles, from Names, and from Forms, not a few I seek now the hearts that are faithful and true; And to them I will surely give victory and power. I'll be with them, to guard them, in danger's dark hour I'll strengthen them, help them, and cause them to stand, Upheld by my mighty, Ommipotent hand. Then ye faithful, fear not the oppressor's dark rod, Ye shall not trust in vain, in the strong arm of God; I have sworn in my greatness, that thou shalt be free; *Ethiopia and Egypt I once gave for thee, The faithful I guard with tenderest care : The cruel oppressor I hate everywhere; It matters not what the color may be, If the spirit is faithful, then it must be free. The nation, the people, who ever they may be, If they'll be true to freedom, then they shall be free.

^{*} Isaiah 43: 3. I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethoipia and Seba for thee.





PAGES

FROM VOLUMES OF

MARY, THE FAITHFUL-HEARTED.

White, hucy

OUR NATION.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

She saw her proud Nation in danger,
Her kindred — the people she loved;
To go from them an exile, a stranger,
Her soul with compassion was moved.

She prayed for strength, wisdom, and courage, And went forth to meet the dark storm; Storms that were wild, dark, and too chilling, Oft swept around her frail form.

But she lived to hear from glad voices,
Thy Nation in glory shall stand;
Thy people are saved: and her spirit
Then passed to a happier land.

CASTINE, 1859.

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PENOBSCOT RIVER.

To gaze upon thy peaceful breast, In thy calm hours of tranquil rest, Has oft my soul with rapture filled, And bid its longings cease — be stilled.

As thou flowest onward, wild and free, The broad Atlantic welcomes thee; Thy waters ne'er shall madly leap, To mingle with a mightier deep,

WHAT IS TO BE THE GLORY OF AMERICA?

What is to be the glory of America—the refuge to which the oppressed of all nations have fled.

Naught but the mighty power of God can save it from the fate of the nations that have fallen; and those that are now struggling beneath the weight of oppression, the withering blight of which we may behold in the ruins of the fallen.

America must be ruled by the free voices of its children; but if selfishness, pride, oppression, ignorance, and vice are permitted to bear sway, then where shall the children of the faithful flee for refuge? There is a God in heaven that watches over the destiny of America. He will not permit the bright sun of Liberty to set in darkness.

The nations must be redeemed from error. The reign of oppression must be destroyed, and the principles of universal love, truth, and right established everywhere.

TRUTH.

From her pure streams I see a fountain rise which soon overspreads the earth. It is the sea of glory, and its light will guide each wandering bark in safety, to a bright, celestial city. Truth bears a sceptre which at first strikes the nations with a dread; but love, kindness, and mercy are her attendants. They breathe upon the air, and songs of glory float along, and then the light shining above dispels the clouds, and calms each troubled wave.

"Hark! on the air we hear each strain,
As low they fall, then swell again.
The influence calm and pure
Will teach each soul by faith to rise,
And seek, where pleasure never dies,

A home that will endure."

Truth! spotless and beautiful art thou! Hast thou forever here been clothed in robes of light and majesty? Resting on thy brow I see a shade which seems to tell that many a maddening billow has rolled wildly o'er thee! Hast thou shed burning tears of anguish? Has a dark power long sought to cast its shadows o'er thee, and hide thy glory from the earth? Thy course has long been onward, upward, though sometimes we may behold thee toiling unaided, unloved, and unpitied. Shall mortal eyes behold thee struggling to survive each conflict? The heavens are darkened when Hope, thy sister, has ceased to smile, and fled from thee. I see thee raise thine eyes to heaven; and then I listen to thy prayer of agony .-But now why do I talk of grief? - for thou art calm and peaceful. Hope, thy sister, has returned to thee, and I hear her whisper softly in thine ear : - "Glory shall yet be thine; and all the powers of darkness shall not dim its splendor. Thou hast nobly struggled. The earth shall yet bow before thy influence pure, and all heaven shall glory in the triumph thou shalt win."

WOMAN.

A True Woman has a spirit that delights in enter-

prise; but to compel her to move in a sphere from which her soul would shrink, is indeed cruel.

That delicate sensibility which constitutes faithfulness of soul, may, in the dark hour of danger, rise in strength. She may possess a fortitude and constancy which suffering cannot subdue nor bend from its purpose. But how cruel to call forth those energies which move the deepest springs of sympathy in her heart. She has a spirit that delights in enterprise; and with a strong arm on which to lean, she may accomplish much, while it shields her from the storms of life, which by her Maker she was never formed capable of enduring.

In a true woman's heart there is a quenchless flame.

Is it a thirst for wealth, for power, for fame?

Tell her of all earth's treasure, wealth, fame, and clasic lore.

But a true woman seeks for something more: It is for sympathy—for pure affection warm; Then give her this, to shield her from the storm.

HUMANITY REDEEMED ON EARTH.

"For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea."

Of all the nations of the earth,
I've learned from whence they had their birth,
I've marked the tyrant's haughty sway,
Bidding men tremble and obey;
I've marked oppression's cruel reign;

But did the faithful plead in vain?
Their prayers, their groans, and heartfelt sighs,
Have reached to God who rules the skies;
When he has veiled the earth with night;
For angels shuddered at the sight,
To see his children yield their breath,
Tortured by cruel hands in death.

Shall powers of darkness rule with might, Rejecting justice and the right, When God to his own Son has given The power on earth, and power in heaven, Power to redeem and power to save From sin, from darkness, and the grave? 'Tis they who oft God's counsels heard, Still did reject his holy word, Despised truth and its sacred worth, Whose names have perished from the earth. That truth so sacred in his sight, Shall shed o'er every land its light, That to its power must vet be given Glory on earth, as well as heaven. That God who rules the earth and sky, He hears the faithful when they cry, He has designed to set them free, This is his holy, just decree; Justice and right, joined hand in hand, Must sway a sceptre o'er each land, Knowledge of right must yet increase, Till all the world is filled with peace. God's ways are just - his word a light

To guide the feet of all aright;
'T will surely teach a perfect way,
And hail on earth a brighter day,
'T will bring us joys pure and refined,
Destroy all that degrades mankind.

That which has long deceived the earth, And from a dark source had its birth, Is striving to maintain its sway, And make the nations still obey. To falsehood there has long been given A place on earth, but none in heaven. Arise, ye nations! all arise,-For truth and justice never dies, Throw off the veil that darkens earth! Truth is immortal - learn its worth ! Sure as God rules, its light will shine, Rise each, and claim a share for thine! Then let the everlasting sound Of truth be echoed earth around, Till every kindred, land, and tongue Has learned the song that angels sung. I hear a mighty voice,—it cries, " Fear ye the God that rules the skies! Judgment on earth has now begun, And his eternal kingdom's come !" What though rebellious cries are heard, And mighty waves of wrath are stirred? I see the patience of each saint, They that o'ercome and do not faint, How they do conquer sin by grace,

To make the earth truth's dwelling-place.

Rev. x. 15. The kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ.

Thus saith the angel that doth fly. "Give glory now to God on high! For Babylon, that city great, Is fallen, - who will mourn her fate? The blood of prophets slain is found Within her borders, all around, Abominations of the earth. Within her walls have had their birth," The cry is heard from shore to shore. Worship her idol gods no more. Judgment has come - and her reward Is just, for it is sent by God. She is despised, made desolate, And heaven rejoices at her fate. She is despised, and all her words; She is a cage for unclean birds. Still I behold that some for her Do mourn, for they partakers were In all her sins, deceit, and lies, Rejecting God, who rules the skies, Many an eye for her does weep, And o'er her ruins watch still keep, Crying, alas! that city strong Is fallen. Men will mourn her long; For all her wealth cannot be told. Her precious stores, silver and gold. Strifes and contentions now are heard, And mighty waves of wrath are stirred

Till nations hear the voice of God, Of Him who smote them with a rod, Speaking the joyful words of peace, And bidding wild commotion cease. Angels and men do bow the knee, And worship God at his decree, And every tongue we hear confess God's glory and his righteousness; The Lamb of God, — beloved one, 'Tis he who has the victory won! Praise sounds through earth's dominions wide To him who meekly bled and died; To him who vielded up his breath; To him who burst the bands of death; To him who has the power to save From sin, from darkness, and the grave; The King of kings the plan designed, But Jesus has redeemed mankind. To him, the holy, just, and true, Is glory, praise, and honor due; On all things is inscribed the word, Forever holy be the Lord!

But I can never paint the peace,
Which, like a river, does increase,
When shall be known truth's sacred worth,
In every kingdom of the earth.
The holy prophets that were slain,
That cried for justice but in vain,
Redeemed from all the powers of hell,
Anointed kings and priests, they dwell
With Christ; they now in triumph stand

Exalted over every land.

The counsels that they left on earth

Do show truth's glory and its worth;

And falsehood can have power no more
Until a thousand years are o'er.

THE SEVENTH MUST BE THE REST.

When humanity is redeemed on earth, man will be the head of woman, as Christ is the head of the church.

Lo! I behold a beauteous sight! I see a bride all clothed in light. How pure and lovely is the bride! She's standing by her husband's side; Her robes are of ethereal grace, And glory shines upon her face. She is redeemed by him, her Love, He found her mourning like the dove; He met her, when by grief oppressed, He loved, and won her to his breast; For her he suffered - her he died! To him she's dear, his lovely bride; Encircled in his arms she's blest: She seeks no more his perfect rest. His hand has wiped away her tears; She smiles when his loved voice she hears; Foes shall destroy her peace no more, Until a thousand years are o'er.

A GIFT.

VOICE FROM THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Who'd throw a fetter o'er the wing That God has made to rise.

Upon the earth's cold silent breast, I'd never choose my place of rest,

I must be free to soar on high, and sweep the bosom of the sky,

If I should light below to dream, and storms arise, you'll hear my scream;

With spreading wings too strong to tire, I still sore higher, higher, higher

Onward and upward, till my form is far beyond the storm,

Think you I'd stoop to claim earth's thrones, when all the world my freedom owns;

Perched on a throne, I there should pine in freedom, all the world is mine;

- And none do think to claim my right, when they behold my glorious flight;
- Freedom—there's glory in the name; mine is a pure and spotless fame;
- Come all ye nations of the earth, I've learned from whence you had your birth!
- Come all ye Islands of the sea—arise, I'll guard you till your free,
- Freedom and light, I find on high, I claim my native majesty.
- Onward, and upward, I shall soar, till darkness reigns below no more,
- Till light and glory, fills the earth, and men have learned their exalted birth,
- All free from bondage to the sky, look up and learn their destiny.
- My course is high, 'twill not be run, while shines that glorious orb—the sun;
- Until the golden stars of light no more are dimmed by clouds of night;
- Light is my path, upward I'll soar, till darkness reigns below no more.

REFLECTIONS.

When I review my past life, and look back upon the toilsome path which I have here pursued, I cannot wonder that my heart has been sad. That sad and weary sometimes I've paused to weep. Yet a review of the past, does not always bring painful reflections, for I often experience a peace far beyond my own comprehension.

Notwithstanding care has saddened, yet truth has won my heart, and in some moments my soul is

filled with joy and peace.

How beautiful are all things then, how wonderful and bright—

Even the very stars appear to shed a softer light.

What though my heart has been too sad to throb with earthly hopes of joy,

I've learned to love that which is pure—which sin cannot destroy.

In every event of my life, I can clearly see the wisdom of that power which has so kindly guided my feet along the path of care. Immortal hopes, their joys, how pure, how high, how exalted. The love of purity which here exalts the soul can make even the darkest pathway bright, can bear the spirit up in triumph to realms of light. Its strength sometimes will brave the world's unkindness. Not

all the powers of earth can bind the soul, but in some hour of glory it may burst its chains and roam in freedom through scenes of golden light; leave all that can annoy, and upward soar on wings of faith to worship amid immortal joys.

Though we cannot be permitted to penetrate the veil and soar beyond mortality, yet by faith we may behold the dazzling light which illumines the courts

above.

I may yet live to experience much adversity.—Dark clouds may often obscure my sky and after a life of toil I may be glad of a rafuge in the grave; yet the light of truth still cheers my spirit to persue its onward course with patience, fortitude and submission, to the will of him to whose ways all things must be subdued.

In each dark hour hope whispers to my spirit words of joy, then bids me look to truth's pure light

and drink at its pure fountain.

The fountain which contains all that is pure. Oh, that I could fathom its inexhaustable depths then would I seek to picture a glory and loveliness which would win all hearts to love the beautiful on earth. The beautiful, the pure, the great and glorious.

I love to contemplate the beauties of perfection. How lovely are those attributes of character which constitute purity. How gentle and forgiving.—When my brow throbs with pain and my heart is aching with care, how sweet to reflect upon the character of Jesus; upon those attributes in his character which enabled him to perform his mission here so calmly. I see him when in humiliation judgment was taken from him—

when he bore the sins of the world and sweat great drops of blood. And I seem to see him when he had not where to lay his head, though he was Lord of heaven and earth. How calmly he looked on the scenes of life—beheld the lofty towers which soon he knew would fall, and wept to think it must be so.

'Twas to redeem—to fill the earth with light—he suffered here. God giveth victory oft-times to the sword; but He is the Prince of peace. 'Tis pride, envy, and unbelief which hate his purity. Words of eternal truth they cannot hear.

Justice they hate, and they defy its power.

Now to mock his majesty they bend the knee before him and place a crown of thorns upon his head. Proud hearts! Can ye own your King in this dark hour. All, all—each friend has fled and left the suffering One alone amid his foes—foes who delight to torture and condemn. He who has power to call a shining host around himto protect, is indeed forsaken.

Look! They have nailed him to the cross. His dying groans, will not these move their hearts to pity! No, they mock his agony. He bears thesins of all the world upon him, still they heed not his groans. "My God!" he cries, "hast thou too forsaken!" Lo, now he bows his head and dies. Who can behold the sight? Ah, none—the earth is veiled in shades of night; the heavens are darkened and the rocks are rent. Envy, oh envy, what hast thou done! The Lamb of God, yea, thou hast crucified. They that have done this thing; can they now behold unmoved the tears of his beloved. They might have seen the Mother weeping o'er her Idol

slain but what cared they. They thought his influence on the earth was destroyed. They are blinded. They know not the glory of his ways who doeth all things well; they see not the light which is to illuminate the world. They know not that he whom they have slain is yet to claim earths kingdoms for his own; that his name is evermore to be called the Wonderful Counselor and Prince of Peace. I could dwell forever upon the purity of his character, for his example has taught me to suffer calmly here, calmly to bear the ills of life.

To trust in him who trod before, Life's thorny path and meekly bore Sorrows and sighing, pain and strile; And then he gave his precious life. Give me a heart that's undefiled, That to his will is reconciled And I will ask no more.

I care not much for earthly treasures—I sigh not for vain glory—I seek not that which will quickly perish. I would not win a triumph the glory of which will soon fade away; but adorned in a robe of celestial beauty, with a crown of light upon my head. I would roam delighted in a kingdom established by God's own hand where joys are immortal and glory never dies.

When I pass through the golden gate which leads to the Celestial City, if I am found worthy, then may not I receive a seal which will contain deep and hidden things. Great are the mysteries of Godliness. The greatness of God mortality cannot comprehend; and yet the path which we are here to pursue is so plain that none need err therein.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will confess him before my Father and before the holy angels," saith the Lord. "I will make him to become a pillar in the temple of my God, and to him will I grant to sit down with me on my throne, even as I also overcome, and am set down with my Father on his throne."

Bright crowns of glory are the reward of faithfulness—then they who would see good days let them refrain from evil—their lips from speaking guile, and keep themselves unspotted from the world. They who would win much, must over-

come much.

Almighty God! We know that every one must yet behold thy glory and thy power. We rejoice that thou hast designed to fill the earth with the knowledge of thy ways.

On the earth in all things I can see thy power, and by faith my spirit often roams amid immortal

scenes.

Shall I tell that which I have learned amid thy works? Shall I paint to Thee the misery which falsehood's power has caused from age to age?

Thou knowest all things; from thy throne on high thou hast ever beheld the works of the children of men. Thou hast witnessed every struggle of truth; Thou knowest that falsehood's power has long caused humanity to suffer. Thou hast seen many faithful souls yield up their breath tortured by cruel hands. The Heavens have been open to receive them, but the earth has been veiled in shades of night. Because mankind have refused to be guided by wisdom's counsels, thou hast hid thy glory from the earth. We will not ask Thee

why, for we know thy ways are just, true and faithful. Thou knowest the souls of those who hate the ways of right. We have beheld thy justice displayed in the earth as one generation passed away after another. We have seen the destruction of viin glory. We have marked the fall of nations; Proud cities and lofty towers we have beheld in ruins. How many, oh, how many have fallen beneath the stroke of thine avenging hand! In every age we have beheld the end of those who have defied thy power. Wickedness, crime, pride, hatred, avorice, envy, and all that can oppress, we have seen swept away together, when thou couldst no longer bear. Avarice, where art thou now? Thy treasures all have perished in the dust. If thou hast power,-Arise! and claim them-it is the hour of danger. All naked now, thy soul must stand amid the dazzling glory of immortal light. And shouldst thou call upon thy Gods-oh, would they hear thee! Can they not save thee in this trying hour! The love of gain has indeed caused much suffering on earth, but its end is dark.

The soul whose gods are earthly gain, oh, is the dying prayer in vain—

aying prayer in vain-

"Bring me my idols now," he cries, "for hope within my spirit dies—

Of heavenly joys, oh, tell me not, Gods holy laws

I have forgot;

I can behold no rays of light but all to me is dark as night—

My God, I pray thee from on high, pity the sinner's

dying cry."

With Thee we leave them—thou art just, in Thee is all our hope and trust:

- Though we may see some 'neath thy frown appear to sink in silence down.
- But let us leave the shades of night and soar away to realms of light—

We know that thou hast power to save from sin, from darkness, and the grave;

All that is Godlike in the soul tends upward to a shining goal—

Tends upward, onward, to a day of glorious immortality.

That which is Godlike, high and true, divine, exalted, just and pure,

Gives joys immortal to the soul that will through endless years endure;

While falsehood's vile deceiving power, even all that's dark before the light

Of immortality, must fly to shades of everlasting night.

All that is Godlike in the soul, tends upward to a shining goal—

'Twill live though earth shall melt away, all clothed in immortality;

'Twill live to chant a joyous song, when victory over sin is won—

To hear through earth's dominions wide—praise sound to him who meekly died.

When shades of night is bid adieu, and heaven and earth is made anew,

Still it will worship and adore, and dwell in light forevermore.

When bright reflects faith's golden star, I see a kingdom—'tis not far—

The mansions of the King are fair, and a beloved

Prince is there.

When earthly hopes do fade and die, I seem to see those mansions high—

By faith my longing soul does soar away to a bright

and peaceful shore,

Where I behold truth's golden light, there I can see no shades of night.

Pve caught a glimpse of that fair land, where all united hand in hand,

Are floating with unearthly grace, with light and joy upon each face—

I cannot paint the glories there within these golden

But I'm enraptured, and my soul does pant to reach the shining goal.

The Prince's smile has banished fear, his hand has

wiped away each tear;

I can behold him as he stands with open arms and outstreached hands—

If I possessed a golden crown before his feet I'd lay it down;

I'd worship him whose power can save from sin, and darkness, and the grave,

And wonder why in that glad hour, that I did ever

doubt his power

To guide me safe o'er life's rough sea, and set my longing spirit free.

Mortal, oh, tell me, would ye die, with no bright hopes of glory nigh:—

The Prince of heaven, look, do you see! he holds a glittering prize to thee;

How can ye bear to meet his frown, rise, then, and

win the starry crown.

Holy, lofty Truth; its principles are so dear to me that to reflect upon their glory often affords me unbounded joy, yet, fills my soul with ardent longings. Often my spirit seems as it were to burst its narrow bounds, and soar on the wings of faith to a region where truth, light and glory reigns triumphant; even onward to the day when truth's pure light has filled the earth with joy and peace. Truth has won a victory over which heaven and earth unites to triumph. The nations are ruled by wisdom; all that can oppress is destroyed, and mankind are ruled by those counsels which will make them free, which will make them like Him in whose image they were formed crowned with honor and glory.

I forget the misery that sin has caused, for I behold the banners of truth floating in triumph through the earth, sinful passions are shunned as deadly poison to the soul; and all do hate, yea, loathe that which has deceived and will finally destroy, for all have learned that to each one shall be given the reward of their ways, and that God can give victory only to the right.

I behold the children of earth all bowing with humble and contrite hearts before God and radient beams of light I see dispelling the darkness which has long hid His glory from the earth. God has shown to all the destroying influence of that which

can oppress, and the glory of that which maketh free.

We joy in the faith which is strong in its powers, For a brighter and better land yet shall be ours, Where falsehood despised, shall be driven away, And earth and her nations Jehovah obey.

Oh, who can weep that time is passing on. It must ere long reveal a brighter era to the nations, The light of truth which emenates from God must yet dispel all shades of darkness from the earth, and bring a day of joy and peace; a day which Prophets long ago foretold. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, for God's Almighty arm upholds the boon.

Truth is immortal; it can never die. Mighty is that power which is to win eternal victory, and reign triumphant on this earth ere it shall pass away. Great and glorious is that power to which each mortal tongue must yet give glory. The truth which maketh free—exalts and giveth power —must yet gain victory on the earth, and all heaven will glory in the triumph it shall win. Justice must take a sent on high, while Truth descends to build her throne in human hearts. All clothed in robes of light, of power and majesty, Truth must yet sway the world.

From the pure streams, I see a fountain rise which soon o'erspreads the earth. It is the Sea of Glery and its light will guide each wondering

bark in safety to a bright Celestial City.

Truth bears a sceptre which at first seems to strike the nations with a dread; but Love and Mercy are her attendants. They breathe upon the air, and songs of glory float along; and then the light shining above, dispels the clouds and calms each troubled wave.

Hark! On the air we hear each strain
As low it falls then swells again—
The influence calm and pure
Will teach each soul by faith to rise,
And seek where pleasure never dies,
A home that will endure.

Still much strife with sorrow and pain may be known on the earth, ere all hearts are subdued. But weep not that Time is passing on; it will ere long reveal a bright era to the nations. Immortal Truth. Victory now is thine-all eyes have seen thy glory. Thou camest from heaven, but ere thy glory bright had filled the earth, oh, whither didst thou wander. The storms have passed away that swelled the seas and madly tossed each wave ere mortals learned to love thee. Hast thou forever here been clothed in robes of light and majesty? No, resting on thy brow I see a shade which seems to tell that many a maddening billow has rolled wildly o'er thee. Did a dark power long seek to cast its shadows o'er thee, to hide thy glory from the earth? Hast thou often shed burning tears? Thy course has long been onward, upward; though sometimes we may behold thee toiling unaided, unloved and unpitied; then, faint and weary, we may see thee lay crushed and bleeding. Shall mortal

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eyes behold thee struggling to survive each conflict? "Tis by the cruel hand of falsehood thou art crushed. The heavens are darkened when Hope, thy sister, has ceased to smile and fled from thee.

Can I tell the anguish of this hour?

I see thee raise thine eyes to heaven, and then I listen to thy prayer of agony. But now why should I talk of grief, for thou art calm. From thy fair bosom flows no wild commotion. Hope, thy sister, has returned to thee, and I hear her whisper softly in thine ear. Glory shall yet be thine, and all the powers of darkness shall not dim its splendor. The earth shall yet bow before thine influence pure, and all heaven shall glory in the triumph thou shalt win.

We have seen the fair boon in the verge of the sky,

But clouds have extinguished its crescent displays,
Whene'er we shall see the dark shades pass away,
Heaven's light shall be open to each wandering
gaze.

Freedom, Truth, Justice and Purity.

Arise! Ye nations, all arise!
For Truth and Justice never dies;
Throw off the veil that darkens earth—
Truth is immortal, learn its worth—
Sure as God rules its light will shine,
Rise each and claim a share for thine;
Awake to worship and adore
While glory spreads from shore to shore.

Shall Justice or Mercy their mission forget—
Shall the bright sun of freedom in darkness e'er set,

When God from on high giveth light to its beams,

And from Truth's pure fountain he'll send forth
the streams

Which shall fill the whole earth when to Truth shall be given,

The triumph exalting each nation to heaven.

See that which is is faithful when weary and worn With struggling, when high hopes are torn From the soul, when justice has oft plead in vain—Then bows not the spirit to tyranny's reign; They may doom it to bondage or pain if they will, But Truth, Justice and Freedom's pure light will shine still;

And forever 'twill shine, for all must yet see, That the Spirit Immortal God made to be free.

HUMANITY.

Oh, have we learned the power of him To whom our offerings are given; He needs no help or mortal aid, Who dwells exalted high in heaven.

But 'tis his children's wrongs he feels, That he avenges as his own; For his Dear Son once suffered here, Oppressed, rejected and unknown.

Humanity indeed how dear
For that Loved One resigned his hreath,
To show the power that can exalt—
Triumphant even over death.

To gain the favour of our God, That he may here our ways approve, Humanity must claim our deeds Of light, of charity and love.

HAB. 2: 14. "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea."

Of all the nations of the earth, I've learned from whence they had their birth,

I've seen the tyrant's haughty sway, bidding men tremble, and obey;

I've marked oppression's cruel reign, but did the faithful plead in vain?

Their prayers, their groans and heartfelt sighs, did reach to God who rules the skies;

When he has veiled the earth with night, for angels shuddered at the sight,

To see his chosen yield their breath, tortured by cruel hands in death.

Shall powers of darkness rule with might rejecting justice and the right,

When God to his own Son has given the power on earth, and power in heaven—

Power to redeem, and power to save from sin, from darkness and the grave.

- The blood of holy prophets slain, for vengeance never cried in vain;
- No, God has cursed—I've marked the fall of sinners who have heard his call,
- Not to obey, but 'neath his frown they're sunk in gloomy silence down;
- Cities made waste—to deserts turned—when God's eternal wrath has burned.
- 'Tis they who oft God's counsels heard, still did reject his holy word,
- Despised Truth and its sacred worth whose names have perished from the earth;
- That Truth so sacred in his sight shall shed o'er every land its light—
- That to its power may yet be given glory on earth as well as heaven.
- The God who rules the earth and sky, he hears the faithful when they cry;
- He sends deliverance by his hand, and they must yet possess the land;
- He has designed to set them free, this is his holy just decree.
- Justice and Truth, joined hand in hand must sway a sceptre o'er each land—

Knowledge of Truth must yet increase 'till all the world is filled with peace---

Its sacred counsels all divine forevermore must brightly shine;

Its light must spread from shore to shore that God may curse the earth no more.

God's ways are just, his Word a light to guide the feet of all aright,

To bring us joys pure and refined, destroy all that degrades mankind.

Justice and Truth God's sacred law with falsehood's kingdom does make war,

That which has long deceived the world, and from bright regions once was hurled,

Is striving to maintain its sway and make the nations still obey;

To falsehood there has long been given a place on earth but not in heaven;

To falsehood men have bowed the knee in each dark reign of tyranny,

Though faithful souls have overcome by faith in God's eternal Son.

God's words have been to them a light through dark and gloomy shades of night.

- Ye nations, all, have ye not heard the revelations of God's word,
- That Truth's pure light must fill the earth where sinful men have had their birth?
- Then let the everlasting sound of Truth be echoed earth around
 - Till every kindred, land and tongue have learned the song that angels sung.
- I hear a mighty voice, it cries, "Fear ye the God that rules the skies,
- Judgment on earth has now begun, and his eternal kingdom's come!"
- What though rebellious cries are heard and mighty waves of wrath are stirred;
- I see the patience of each saint, they that o'ercome and do not faint,
- How they do conquer sin by grace to make the earth Truth's dwelling-place.
- REV. 10:15.—"And the seventh angel sounded, and there were great voices in heaven, saying, 'the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ."
- Thus saith the angel that doth fly, "give glory now to God on high!
- For Babylon, that city great has fallen! Who will mourn her fate?"

- The blood of prophets slain is found within her borders all around;
- Abominations of the earth within her walls have had their birth;
- The cry is heard from shore to shore, "worship her idol gods no more,
- Judgment has come and her reward is just for it is sent by God,
- Her sorceries have long deceived the nations and the righteous grieved;
- But now she is made desolate and heaven rejoices at her fate,
- She is despised and all her words, she is a cage for unclean birds.
- Still, I behold that some for her do mourn, for they partakers were
- In all her sins, deceit and lies, rejecting God who rules the skies;
- Merchants and Kings for her do weep, and o'er her ruins watch still keep,
- Crying, "alas! That City strong is fallen! men will mourn her long,
- For all her wealth cannot be told, her precious stores, silver and gold.
- Oh, tell me, Death! what is thy sting? Is it the cruel blight of sin?

- Sin hides from man Truth's shining goal, the home of the immortal soul.
- Strife and contentions now are heard, and waves of mighty wrath are stirred,
- 'Till nations hear the voice of God---of him who smote them with a rod---
- Speaking the joyful words of peace, and bidding wild commotion cease,
- Angels and men do bow the knee and worship God at his decree;
- And every tongue we hear confess God's glory and his righteousness;
- Knowledge of God does now increase beneath the reign of right, of peace.
- The Lamb of God! Beloved One, 'tis he who has the victory won;
- The heavens no longer are his throne, for all earth's kingdoms are his own;
- Praise sounds through earth's dominions wide, to him who meekly bled and died—
- To him who yielded up his breath—to him who burst the chains of death—
- To him who has the power to save from sin, from darkness and the grave;
- The King of kings the plan designed, but Jesus has redeemed mankind;

To him, the holy, just and true, is glory, praise and honor due.

Praise sounds through earth's dominions wide to him who meekly bled and died,

On all things are inscribed the words "Forever holy be the Lord."

HUMANITY REDEEMED ON EARTH.

"Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake! For thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er the hills beams the day-star of gladness,
Arise! For the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,

And scattered their legions was mightier far—
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them—

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and thou shalt be
free."

EXPERIENCE.

- When but a child, I sought to know which was the path my feet should go;
- Should I through all my days on earth join in the scenes of sin and mirth,
- Or should I seek for Wisdom's ways—pursue her path through all my days?
- For happiness I'd sought to obtain, and sought again, but sought in vain.
- Could I but search all science deep to find wisdom and knowledge that would calm the mind,
- Oh, what could guide my feet to glory and to fame, and wreathe undying laurels round my name.
- In writings of the sons of earth, those great by nature, and of noble birth,
- I found that they had marked a course which on my mind reason enforced,
- A life of industry and care, combined with virtue, peace, was there;
- Awhile this course I did pursue, each day I toiled with care anew:
- And plans for future life I schemed, of nought but future sunshine dreamed.
- Ere long I found many inclined to throw a blight over my mind;

- My childish heart which should have been all glad, was often wretched, weary, sad;
- But hope, again, did soon impart something anew to cheer my heart—
- Still thought by patient toil, and pain, that happiness I should obtain-
- I dreamed not that I could not bear incessant toil and anxious care.
- But with dark cares there came disease and pain, and every means to find relief was vain;
- For months I lingered sick, but oh, my mind was troubled, and in vain I tried to find
- That happiness for which I'd sought, could not in this vain world be bought;
- I found I must give up my earthly dream and seek for some more lasting theme,
- For in each scheme of life I'd failed, and disappointments still prevailed.
- When tired nature had forgot to weep, and I was lost in gentle, quiet sleep,
- Softly there rose before my sight a form all clothed in robes of light;
- 'Twas Wisdom, and said she, "I come to guide thy spirit to my home,
- But oh, sad child, methinks you've erred, true happiness is not conferred

- On mortals that have sought to obtain applause and honor, what's a name?
- In God you've never put your trust, you're mortal and you're formed of dust;
- You're but a moving lump of clay blessed with a spark of Immortality,
- But hear to me and I'll direct thee to pursue a path to thee entirely new.
- God built the world, he spread the sky, he gave each star its place on high;
- He fills the sun with morning light and bids the moon direct the night:
- He sent his Son with power to save from sin, from darkness and the grave;
- Trust in him, and his watchful care defends thy life from every snare.
- Then of his heavenly form I sought to know when freed by death where does the spirit go?
- Where does it wander, whither go, when it is done with all things here below?
- It hath no matter, occupies no space, yet I am told it hath a resting place?
- Doth it roam with us unseen below or to the skies most quickly go?
- Is it where the sun and planets roll? Say, where's the home of the Immortal Soul?

But she replied: "'Tis not for thee to know, it is for thee to serve thy God below,

If in life's scenes you're longer called to stay, trust in thy God and he'll direct the way;

Trust in thy God and wisdom shall be given to guide thee safely home to heaven."

I said "Oh, Wisdom, thou hast gained my heart and from thy ways I'll ne'er depart:"

I 'woke, the vision then was gone, but the smiles of heaven were not withdrawn.

WOMAN.

"In her own sphere I would have woman move:"
"And what is woman's sphere, pray, tell us, love,"
"Tis easy told," replied the bard "my dear,"

"The sphere of woman is a celestial sphere."

Man was created in the image and for the glory of God; and woman, though she is accountable to God, yet, she was given to man as a blessing.

If there is any blessing given to man in which he may glory it is woman. Every true woman seeks to be loved, honored and protected; then how cruel that she should ever be dependent upon those whose minds are darkened by those passions which will crush the sublime beauties that exalt; her soul. Before woman can everywhere move in the sphere that God would have her, there must be a complete rovolution in the world—the earth must be

filled with light, must become a place where purity will delight to dwell. Where darkness reigns, the wing of purity will become weary and long to take its flight to a more congenial clime; but God is able to destroy all that can oppress. He can here exalt each soul and all may yet learn to love truth and purity. Woman's sphere is exalted.

There is loveliness and beauty,
There is glory in her sphere,
She was formed the meeker light;
Man was made to be sincere.

He was formed in the image of God and he should possess those high attributes of character which will render him exalted, true and Godlike. The light of God's word combined with nature itself will teach those who would learn wisdom, the true sphere of woman; but much is to be accomplished before she can everywhere move in that sphere. Man was formed to be Lord of Creation. All that God has made is at his command. Woman was given to man as a blessing and he is accountable to God for every blessing that he has received. He is to be the head of woman, as Christ is the head of the Church. Her he should rule and love; how just that rule; 'Twill guard her honor and happiness. She is weak and needs his aid to guide her.

Reform and the knowledge that will elevate, refine and purify, is perhaps, alike needful in both sexes; still on man must rest the responsibility: yet if any will cherish those principles which will cause humanity to suffer, shall they find companions of the gentler sex to encourage those evils (they whom God would have pure and lovely.) How sad the thought; my God! forbid that it

should longer be so.

Truth, wisdom, purity, virtue, faith, patience and fortitude are the attributes of character that she should possess to exalt her soul, and these should not be cast lightly aside, but everywhere cherished

as holy and sublime.

She may be poor and compelled alone to breast the dark storms of life when she should be shielded by tenderness and love. With the principles that have been cherished in society what wonder that she may have suffered. It is true that some can make their way through the world alone and un-protected. Thousands and thousands are compelled to do so; but ye who have hearts to pity the sufferings of others, behold a being possessed of all those delicate sensibilities and gentle virtues which constitute a true woman, dependent upon hearts selfish and unprincipled, with no earthly arm of justice and love to shield her. She may be surrounded by pride, avarice and deceit; she beholds falsehood arrayed in shining garments while humble worth is lightly cast aside. There are pictures over which the angels in heaven may weep in pity. If she can find employment, she may toil until her strength fails, and then---but I cannot paint the sorrows of her heart. Her aims are high, but now she is weary. There is no kind ones to take her in their arms, whisper words of hope and love---while bold intruders reveling in scenes from which her soul would shrink-do prosper. The busy world heeds not though she may witness

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darkened hours when the bright sun that God has made to shine in golden rays, seems but to mock her pain. In a true woman's heart there may be a fountain deep that all cannot fathom. Woman's heart, must it be crushed? Surrounded by those who do not heed her worth, and oppressed by falsehund's power, she may droop, and faint, and die; sink in sorrow and in silence.

When silence reigns upon the path,
And not a murmur spoken,
The chord that binds the faithful heart
Is then, if ever, broken.

But can that heart—exalted by those high attributes which God designed should be its strength despoir. An angel comes with a soft hand to wipe her tears away—presses that aching brow—shows her the glory of the realms of light, and bids her

spirit soar to scenes of bliss.

The God who rules the universe has ever beheld the struggles of truth, virtue, and right. He knows all hearts, and he knows the misery that sin and darkness has caused on earth. He is able to dearny all that is offensive in his sight; and the prayer of one who will spend her life for the right, is that the power of falsehood may soon fall—that all may behold its destroying influence on the earth—that each soul may become exalted by purity—obey the counsels of Wisdom and learn to love nothing but truth and purity, that woman may everywhere move in the sphere that God would have her, and eternal truth and order be established upon the earth forever.



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EDUCATION.

The Power which we call God; that Infinite Power which formed heaven and earth—has made man the most exalted of all his works—has given him Godlike powers with which to glorify his name; then by a system of education we would have them to become like him in whose image they were made.

The earth is full of the glory of God, but we must learn erewe can discover it. Those unerring laws which God has made to govern the universe teach but the glory and perfection of the Creator of heaven and earth.

The worlds of science are innumerable, endless; and great discoveries have already been made which teach us the power and glory of God, and the earth is yet to be filled with his glory as the waters cover the sea.

What is it to educate the Immortal Spirit? It is to elevate, to exalt, and prepare it to glorify God here, and through the never ending ages of eternity. We may have acquired the fame of great learning—of many languages, yet, still ignorant even from whence knowledge proceeds. To lead the mind to God the fountain of all knowledge, is but to behold the order and harmony of his works; 'tis but to look upward where millions of worlds are towering before the sight. The spirit is lost in wonder amid the glory by which it is surrounded, and can only worship and adore; then drink inspiration from the great fountain of knowledge and eternal Truth.

We seek that knowledge which will exalt even to heaven-which will teach each soul its immortal destiny-for what purpose it was created, and exalt above those passions which has long caused human-

ity to suffer.

We would study the principles of science; we would gladly learn much of the pefection, order and harmony of God's works; but in our institutions we would not see passions excited which shall cause the principles of science to be sought for vain display, which will cause mankind to take upon themselves the glory which should be given to their Creator.

Knowledge of God's works and ways is all that can in truth exalt the soul; then let all seek for wisdom, as they would for hidden treasures; let all learn wisdom and obey its counsels that humanity may be redeemed from all that can oppress, that each nation may become exalted, and we may weep no more over the ruins of the fallen.











